

# Abraham Lincoln

## His Mystery, Making, and Mastery

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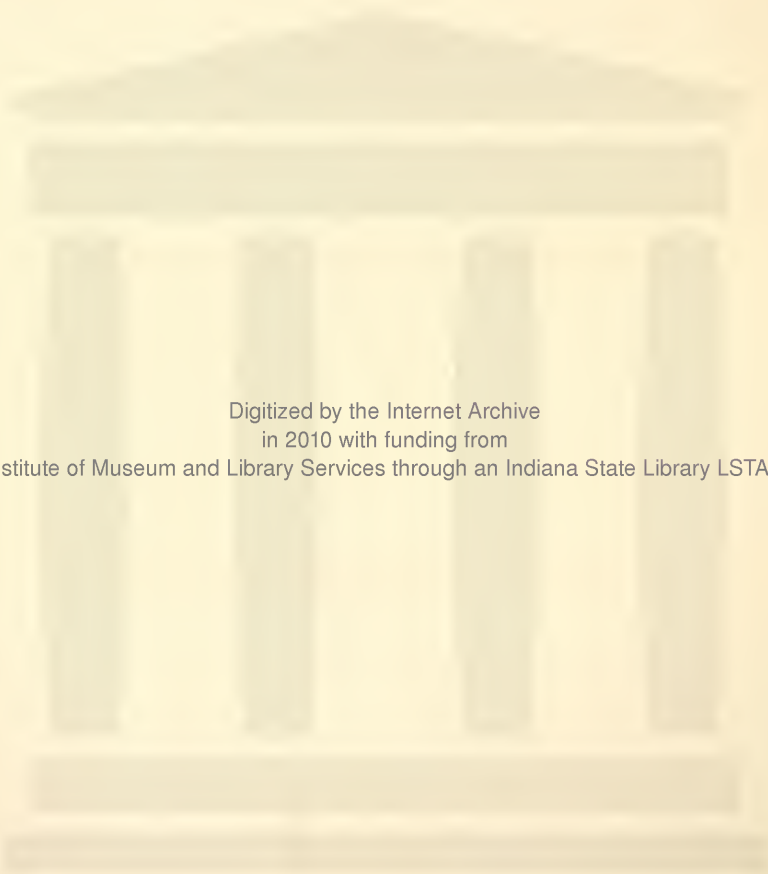
*Sermon preached in Calvary Baptist Church, New York, Sunday morning, February 14, 1909, in memory of the Centenary Anniversary of Abraham Lincoln's birth, - - - - -*

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— BY —

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*Minister of this Church since May 15, 1870*



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*Text: The Righteous shall be in Everlasting Remembrance.*

*Psalm 112: 6.*

**R**IGHTEOUSNESS, when associated with high intelligence and noble character, secures immortality. We have been often reminded that the Pyramids have not perpetuated the names of those whom they have entombed: but righteousness has given everlasting remembrance to Noah, Abraham, Samuel, Hezekiah, David, Isaiah and evangelists, Apostles and martyrs. When the Pyramids shall have disappeared, when seas shall cease to roll, and when sun, moon and stars shall no more shine, even then "the righteous shall be in everlasting remembrance." In Proverbs 7:10, it is said that "the name of the wicked shall rot." In our text we are taught that men will delight in cherishing forever the names of the righteous. There is no reason for remembering the names of bad men except as an admonition and warning to others. Why, otherwise, should we remember Benedict Arnold? Why, otherwise, should we mention the name of Pope Alexander VI., who obtained the Popelhood by bribery in 1492, and who lived a life of infamy seldom equaled in any country or century? Why, otherwise, should we pronounce the name of Caesar Borgia, the fourth son of Pope Alexander VI, who was made a cardinal at the age of seventeen, and whose deeds of inhumanity have made his name a synonym for every form of crime known to human malignancy? Over against these examples of treason, profligacy, and satanism, we place the names of Wesley, Whitefield, Wilberforce, Howard, Carey, Judson and Abraham Lincoln. Lincoln has taken his place among the immortals.

### THE MYSTERY OF HIS LIFE.

In studying the marvelous life of Abraham Lincoln, we are immediately confronted by its profound mystery. This mystery we cannot fully penetrate; at best, we can only shoot some rays of light into its darkness. The human mind is always attracted and even fascinated by the attempt to discover the secret of true greatness. It thus comes to pass that historians and biographers patiently and joyously delve into the mysterious soil in which the roots of greatness are hidden. Doubtless, there are elements of mystery in every great life. Could we discover all the elements entering into every great life, we should find there a unific law, and would thus discover that these elements are harmonious, and that they converge toward the completed result. Every great life is born of God; every heroic soul is a spark from

the Eternal Flame. It is a fine remark of Thomas Carlyle, that every great man is a pillar of cloud by day and of fire by night to guide the race across the wilderness of life.

It is doubtful if there was ever a merely human life more mysterious in the elements of its power than the life of Abraham Lincoln. Like Washington, he was of English stock. Notwithstanding the marked superficial difference between him and Washington, there are many points of essential likeness. Lincoln was one of the noblest fruits of his parent stem; he was one of the greatest products of the Anglo-Saxon race: indeed, he was one of the mightiest sons of humanity of any race or time. Hundreds of biographers have essayed to write his life; but it will be a hundred years yet before that life can be exhaustively written. We require the lapse of time and the intervention of space rightly to judge great men and great movements. It was two hundred years before England discovered the truth regarding Oliver Cromwell. One class of Englishmen spoke of him as a brutal tyrant; another class regarded him as a sniveling hypocrite. Not until that burly Scotchman, Thomas Carlyle, published in 1845, his masterpiece, "Oliver Cromwell's Letters and Speeches", did the world see, for the first time, the true Cromwell. The true Lincoln has never yet been presented by any biographer. The secret of his unique sagacity, rare eloquence, profound insight, homely wit and merciful tenderness has never yet been discovered. He is still the unexplained child of nature, of America, and of God. The mystery of his life grows upon us as that life is the more carefully studied. This mystery partly explains the spell that Abraham Lincoln has thrown over the world.

This mystery carries us back one hundred years to a log cabin in a Kentucky clearance. We see there Thomas Lincoln and Nancy Hanks, the father and mother of the mysterious Abraham Lincoln. His mother could write but little, and his father still less. They belonged to the class known as "poor whites". In this cabin February 12th, 1809, was born the immortal Lincoln. He was named Abraham in honor of his grandfather, who had been killed some years before by an Indian savage. In this wretched cabin, the boy Abraham had for a playmate his elder sister, Sarah. In 1817, on a rude raft the family floated down the stream until they landed in a wilderness in Indiana. Their home is now a log cabin more wretched than the one they left behind in Kentucky. One side of the cabin in Indiana is entirely open to wind and weather. The fire-place in its center pours its smoke through an opening in the roof. The boy, by grasping pegs driven into the logs, climbs to a wretched bed of leaves and straw in the garret. But he grows rapidly; his long, lank body attracting the attention of all.

His head is crowned by wiry hair which refuses to yield obedience to the slight care which it receives. In this miserable cabin, the boy is summoned at midnight to stand, with weeping and yearning eyes, beside his dying mother. Behold the picture of this ungainly youth, thus standing in the flickering light of a candle, as his mother's soul floats away from the lowly cabin into the silence of a diviner world! This is one of the most pathetic pictures known to biographers of any age.

Once more we see Thomas Lincoln and his family migrating. It is now the year 1830. This time the migration is into the State of Illinois. We see the youth, now six feet four, at the age of twenty-one, wearing skin breeches, rawhide boots, and coon skin cap, driving a yoke of oxen drawing a creaking wagon over the prairie. Who would ever dream that the man who waves his ox-goad, and shouts sharp commands to the oxen, is on his way to the White House in Washington, and to honor and glory among all the foremost nations of the earth!

If we follow the career of this ungainly youth to the Illinois hanlet of New Salem, to his coarse employment in splitting rails, digging ditches, tending cattle, and clerking in a country store or pulling a raft down the Mississippi to New Orleans, we shall be still confronted by the strange mystery in his life. As the years pass, we see him reading law; and, finally, in the year 1837, as an obscure lawyer in Springfield, Illinois. At every point we discover that one of the chief charms of Lincoln's life is its impenetrable mystery. How can we account for the remarkable outcome of those unpromising experiences? There was almost nothing in his environment to excite the ambition for an education. His shiftless and feckless father insisted that all efforts to secure an education was time misspent. To his stepmother, who came to brighten somewhat the wretched Indiana cabin, the boy was indebted for much encouragement in his efforts to secure an education. He learned to write partly as an accomplishment over his playmates, and partly that he might help his elders by writing their letters. We see him under the rude schoolmasters, Riney and Hazel, in Kentucky, and under Dorsey, Crawford and Swaney in Indiana, the entire period of his education amounting to less than a year. Both teachers and schools were primitive in the extreme. Under Swaney, in 1826, the boy walked four and one-half miles each way every day. He lived in a state of society rude and uncouth to the last degree. The houses consisted, for the most part, of one room. The garments worn were coarse both in winter and summer. Religious seivices were conducted simply, but were intensely religious after their fashion. Raising and log-rolling, were the chief occasions for calling the

neighbors together. Superstitions of every kind abounded. Belief in witchcraft was common. A dog crossing the hunter's path spoiled the day; the baying of a dog at night robbed the neighbors of sleep. Fences built when there was no moon were soon to fall, according to popular belief. In these social conditions Abraham Lincoln's youth was passed. He thus grew up in poverty and ignorance. How came he, in this environment, to have so remarkable a degree of innate refinement? How did he acquire his striking chivalry toward women? Whence came his rare sense of justice towards all? What was the origin of his unconscious politeness which made him in effect a Chesterfield even in his unpropitious surroundings? How came he to hate slavery and to love liberty with such consuming devotion? What was the origin of the tenderness and humaneness which led him to dismount from a horse to replace in their nest young birds which had fallen by the wayside? Why did little children instinctively love him? Why was it that to them his rugged features were beautiful? Why was it that he was without the prejudice of class or condition? These questions, and a score of others, suggest the strange mystery of this remarkable life. What is the explanation of this unique man? Was he not a special gift from the hand of God who makes one star to differ from another star in glory? Was he not raised up as truly as Moses, Joshua, David, or any of the prophets of old, by the special wisdom and purpose of the Almighty? Did not the silence of the lonely forests hold him until God's purpose was ripe that he should enter the great arena at the call of the Almighty? Was he not prepared by infinite wisdom and omnipotent love for the unique mission whose duties he so sublimely performed? The mystery of his life thus carries us back to the purpose, plan, and heart of God. Here must end the ultimate analysis of his unique character and mysterious life.

### HIS MAKING.

We rightly press our inquiries as to the influences which produced the great Lincoln. It is true that we never can fully trace the pedigree of genius. There are always in true genius elements too subtle for our analysis, but we can at least discover some of the conditions which enter into the making of this foremost American. We cannot forget that he was the product of several generations of heroic pioneers; these pioneers came from the soil and atmosphere of England. Probably the blood of sturdy and patriotic forebears flowed in their veins. Lincoln inherited the fiber and force of these pioneer ancestors. Pioneer

life in the early days in many American cities developed rare courage and heroism. In 1638, Samuel Lincoln came from Norwich, England, and settled in Hingham, Massachusetts. Some of his descendants, who were Quakers, settled in New Jersey, some in Pennsylvania, and later in Rockingham County, Virginia. The president's grandfather, Abraham Lincoln, went to Kentucky. These hardy pioneers kept near the soil. They had to contend with danger in many forms in all these states. Uncultivated soil, rude social conditions, wild beasts, and wilder men put them always and everywhere on their metal. The grandfather of the great Lincoln was shot by an Indian in one of his own clearings. His son, Mordecai, immediately shot the Indian. It thus came to pass that the early life of our great President was filled with adventure. He spent much time on the skirmish line of advancing civilization. He had to make his way with few tools, and those of the rudest character. Out of these drastic conditions came a remarkably vigorous personality.

Was Mr. Lincoln educated? The answer to that question depends somewhat upon our definition of education. Without doubt, in a real sense, he was educated. There is always, whether we discover the fact or not, adequate preparation for all great achievements. Shakespeare was educated; so was Burns; so was Lincoln. They received a special kind of training which fitted them for their special careers. Education is not always a matter of teachers and colleges, in the technical senses of those terms. Lincoln had from the earliest dawn of his intelligence a burning desire for knowledge. He had a book always within his reach; he used his spare moments to translate the teaching of the book into his character and life. The fact that his books were few was not entirely to his disadvantage. It is barely possible that the enormous circulation of books to-day tends to superficiality in real learning. "Beware of the man of one book," is a proverb with deep meaning. Lincoln had the Bible. There is no book in the world so well adapted to give correct forms of literary expression as the Bible. It was translated into English at a time when the language was fresh and peculiarly strong. It contains a great variety of types of literature, narrative, biography, poetry, parable, and hints at the drama. In lyric poetry it has no peer in the libraries of the world. Lincoln became a master of the thought and expression of the Bible; it influenced all his forms of literary expression. He acquired the simplicity and lucidity of its remarkable style. From Aesop's Fables he drew many lessons in his thinking, and, also, striking allusions in his practical utterances. All know that Robinson

Crusoe is a masterpiece of charming narrative. Pilgrim's Progress was to Lincoln, as it has been to thousands, a "well of English undefiled." "Weems' Life of Washington" was not a book of high literary excellence, but it at least presented to the boy Lincoln the career of the great Washington. He also studied skill in expression by writing on walls, on the sides of logs, or on a wooden shovel, or on whatever else gave him a clean surface for his purpose. Dictionaries he had none; but he often arrived at the meaning of an unknown word by studying the connection in which it was found; he then translated this word into a synonym with which he was familiar. He thus put Anglo-Saxon words in the place of Latin derivations. A more helpful exercise than this in the process of education it would be difficult to name.

It ought, also, to be borne in mind that Mr. Lincoln was born at a time when great debates were rife; it was peculiarly a talking age. Magazines and newspapers were few, but even remote country districts knew something of the great questions discussed by Clay, Webster, Calhoun, Douglas, Jackson, and other public men whose voices were heard to the limits of civilization. At every street corner, in every store and office, and at all the church doors men were discussing public questions with great earnestness. It was a time when the oratorical disease attacked men in every rank and station in life. There was in Mr. Lincoln, also, the true spirit of poetry. He sometimes expressed himself in rhythmic numbers. The loneliness of the long winters, and the deep silence of both winters and summers had their influence in giving his thought and face the tinge of melancholy with which we are all familiar. But, while this is true, and the final tragedy seemed to have been thus foretold, it is also true that there is a rare humor in his speech which was indicative of his tender touch with humanity in all its moods. Like Burns he was ever near the heart of the common people, and through him the common people found a voice that will thrill the heart of nations to the end of time.

But the most potent influence in the making of Mr. Lincoln was his deep religiousness. This characteristic showed itself at a very early age in his remarkable history. He was the product of a Baptist family. His father, Thomas Lincoln, was baptized into the membership of the Pigeon Creek Baptist Church in Indiana in 1823. Three years later his sister Sarah was baptized and united with the same church. There is good reason to believe that his mother and stepmother were members of the Baptist Church in Kentucky. It was a Baptist colony that moved



from Kentucky into Southern Indiana. The first letter which Lincoln ever wrote, a letter written at the age of nine, was to Parson Elkins, who was a Baptist circuit preacher in Kentucky, and was a frequent visitor at the Lincoln cabin. This letter invited him to come to Indiana to conduct a funeral service in memory of the mother whose burial had taken place months before without any religious service. The omission of a religious service greatly grieved the heart of the sensitive boy.

Just before his election, Mr. Lincoln had a canvass made of the ministers of Springfield, Illinois, and to his dismay he learned that twenty out of twenty-three declared against him and his ticket. Drawing from his pocket a New Testament, Mr. Lincoln said: "These men know I am for freedom and my opponents are for slavery; and yet, with this book in my hands, in the light of which human bondage cannot live a moment, they are going to vote against me. I cannot understand it at all." Here he paused, his face expressing deep emotion. Then he rose, and said, with trembling voice: "I know there is a God and that he hates injustice and slavery. I see the storm coming, and I know that his hand is in it. If he has a place and work for me—and I think he has—I believe I am ready. I am nothing, but truth is everything. I know that I am right because I know that liberty is right, for Christ teaches it, and Christ is God. I have told them that 'a house divided against itself cannot stand,' and Christ and reason say the same; and they will find it so. Douglas doesn't care whether slavery is voted up or voted down, but God cares, and humanity cares, and I care; and I shall be vindicated; and these men will find that they have not read their Bibles aright."

Men of Mr. Lincoln's keen perceptions of right and wrong could not but deeply feel the inconsistency of the conduct of these Christian ministers. In his farewell address to the citizens of Springfield, Illinois, as he started to his first inauguration, he declared: "Without the assistance of that divine Being who ever attended him (Washington) I cannot succeed. With that assistance I cannot fail. Trusting in him who can go with me and remain with you and be everywhere for good, let us confidently hope that all will be well. To his care commending you, as I hope in your prayers you will commend me, I bid you an affectionate farewell." Toward the close of the first inaugural address he gave expression to these confident words: "If the Almighty Ruler of nations, with his eternal truth and justice, be on your side of the North, or your side of the South, that truth and that justice will surely prevail, by the judgment of this great tribunal

of the American people . . . Intelligence, patriotism, Christianity and a firm reliance on Him who has never yet forsaken his favored land, are still competent to adjust in the best way all our present difficulties." The closing sentences of the second inaugural address as well as the brief Gettysburg address breathe the same unshaken confidence in the presence and work of the God of nations and of his care over this nation. During the Gettysburg campaign, when tremendous issues depended on a turn of battle, Gen. Sickles, who had been severely wounded, asked the President if he had felt no fears, when all others were alarmed.

"No," said President Lincoln, and added: "Well, I will tell you how it was. In the pinch of your campaign, when everybody seemed panic-stricken and nobody could tell what was going to happen, oppressed by the gravity of our affairs, I went to my room one day and locked the door, and got down on my knees before Almighty God, and prayed to Him mightily for victory at Gettysburg. I told Him this was His war and our cause His cause. And I then and there made a solemn vow to Almighty God that if He would stand by our boys at Gettysburg I would give my life to Him. And He *did* and I *will*. And after that—I don't know how it was and I can't explain it—but soon a sweet comfort crept into my soul that things would go all right at Gettysburg, and that is why I had no fears about you." He said this solemnly and pathetically, as if from the very depths of his heart.

General Sickles asked him what news he had from Vicksburg. He answered not much, but Grant was still "pegging away" down there, and then he said: "I have been praying over Vicksburg also, and believe that our Heavenly Father is going to give us victory there too, because we need it." He did not then know that Vicksburg had already fallen; that July 4th was thus made doubly memorable. Lincoln's faith was thus fully justified.

The marvelous day that gave the news of Lee's surrender at Appomattox arrived. An hour earlier than usual a Cabinet meeting was held. It was an occasion never to be forgotten. There was a hush over every heart and there was silence on every lip. How shall that silence be broken? Who shall speak and what shall be said at that thrilling moment all waited for Mr. Lincoln to break the silence. He suggested that all the members of the Cabinet fall upon their knees in silent prayer before God. Behold the kneeling Cabinet! Like the highpriest of the Almighty was Mr. Lincoln in the midst of this kneeling group.

Seldom has there been such a moment in the history of any nation. These are men who have made immortal history. Now nothing is remembered but that they are before Almighty God, offering Him their humble and sincere gratitude for the triumph he had given to the nation's long imperilled cause. What a moment this was in the history of our beloved Republic! Many churchmen have deplored the fact that Abraham Lincoln never made an open profession of Christianity by uniting with the church. I sincerely regret that he did not, for the influence of his great name would have been a blessing to the church of God. I am satisfied, however, that the fault was with the church rather than with Mr. Lincoln. Churchmen in those days were often the earnest supporters of slavery. How could Mr. Lincoln for the freedom of the slave? The churches have often been the enemies of great moral reforms. He is often essentially the better churchman who rebukes the church for its indifference to the organization of reforms, the welfare of humanity, and the honor of God. They are greatly in error who have spoken of Mr. Lincoln as an atheist or even as an agnostic. Possibly in his earlier days, he had times of agnosticism; but when the tremendous responsibilities of his great position came upon him, he sought and found God's help, and he seemed to have passed through that experience which, in our evangelical phraseology, we call conversion, regeneration, the birth from heaven.

### HIS MASTERY.

Mr. Lincoln mastered his unfavorable environment. We have already seen how indescribably unfavorable that environment was. He is the truly great man who rises out of his environment, and makes all his unfavorable conditions stepping-stones to higher things. The boy with no chance who wins grandly is the true hero. Luck is a fool; pluck is the hero. That was a suggestive act of the Athenians who erected a statue to Aesop who had been a slave, that all men should learn that the way from the lowest to the highest place is open to all heroic souls. What chance had Henry Wilson? What chance had James A. Garfield? What chance had Horace Greeley? What chance had Thomas A. Edison? What chance had Elihu Burritt? What chance had William Lloyd Garrison. What chance had Henry Clay as one of the seven children of a poor widow? But above and beyond all others, what chance had Abraham Lincoln in the environment already described?

But he not only won the mastery over his unfavorable envir-

onment, but he surpassed men whose environment was the most favorable. Great as was Gladstone, his career is only the natural outcome of his heredity and his environment. He and Mr. Lincoln were born in the same year. In 1832, Gladstone had been graduated from Oxford with high honors, and he was perhaps the most distinguished scholar of his age in Great Britain. He had the opportunities of travel on the Continent and of acquiring a knowledge of many languages. He enjoyed the friendship of men like Kinglake, Newman, and Tennyson, and he took his seat in the House of Commons as the nominee of the Duke of Newcastle. He was the centre of a circle of men known widely in the world of art and poetry, of science, and of religion. Where was Mr. Lincoln in that same year? What were then his attainments in learning? What were his prospects for a political or professional career? In that same year, 1832, Mr. Lincoln was heard to say, "I've a notion to study English grammar, if I knew where I could get one." Contrast this lanky, ungainly country youth with the superb Gladstone, at this moment. The ignorant young man is told that an old schoolmaster, named Mentor Graham, is the possessor of a grammar, but he lives seven miles distant. Away trudged the young man, Lincoln, seven miles to secure the grammar; and seven miles he trudged homeward with the precious volume in his possession. Where in history can you find a more striking contrast than that between Lincoln and Gladstone at this moment? Keep your eye steadily on both. Behold how rapidly Lincoln caught up with Gladstone, the uncrowned king of Great Britain! Behold Lincoln surpassing him in the race! It is the unique distinction of Mr. Lincoln that he has won immortal honor in literature as truly as in statesmanship and humanity. I have been a student of Chatham, Burke, Fox, Gladstone, Pitt, Macaulay, Webster, and Everett. No such words as these I am about to quote ever fell from the lips of these great thinkers, profound statesmen, and powerful orators. They never made such contributions to political oratory or to the literature of statesmanship as Lincoln made. It was Lincoln who said: "He that would be no slave must have no slave;" or again, "What is inherently right is politically safe;" or again, "Let us highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; . . . that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth;" or again, and noblest of all these sayings, "With malice toward none, with charity toward all, with firmness in the right as God gives us to see the right, let us seek to finish the work we have begun."

His mastery of words is one of the wonders of his unique life. No student today possessing the advantages of our schools can surpass him in his wizardry of language, in what has been called "the opal shades of words." His revisal of Secretary Seward's letters to the British Government concerning the Trent affair is quoted as an example of his verbal genius. How marvelous it is that the man who, at twenty-three years of age, was earning eight dollars per month on a farm, became virtually king of one of the greatest nations of the earth, the emancipator of the enslaved, and the redeemer of the slaveholder as truly as of the slave; for slavery robbed the master of honor as truly as it robbed the slave of liberty. Mr. Lincoln's Gettysburg address is the gem in his crown of oratory. He may have written it on a piece of brown paper while making the journey to Gettysburg; but even if so, it was the product of his deepest and highest thought for years. He may have felt before and after its delivery that it was a failure. He may have misinterpreted the silence with which it was received by the vast audience as a mark of disapproval on their part; but we now know that the silence was caused by the deep feeling which his wonderful words produced. Men did not feel any more like cheering this speech than they would have cheered the recital of the Lord's Prayer. For two hours and a quarter Edward Everett, statesman, orator, and scholar, spoke. He was the heir of generations of scholars; he was nurtured in an atmosphere of learning; he had been a professor of Greek literature at Harvard; he had traveled extensively in England and on the Continent; and he had studied for two years in the University of Göttingen, where he received the degree of Ph.D. There was at times some bitterness in his address, but when it closed the people cheered him to the echo. But where is that address today? What man knows its sepulchre? When Mr. Lincoln began, his voice seemed harsh and his appearance uncouth, compared with the musical voice and impressive personality of Mr. Everett. But in a little time, it seemed as if a divine seer, a prophet of God, was addressing the people. His address can be read in two minutes in the quiet of one's room; it can be pronounced in two and a half minutes to a public audience. It has become immortal. It was declaimed in tens of thousands of schools on this centenary anniversary of his birth. It will shine forever in the firmament of American history, literature, and oratory, as a star of lustrous splendor.

Mr. Lincoln won the mastery over himself. We are baffled, as we have several times seen, by every attempt to understand this notable man. But we can always see how masterful he was

in all his relations to himself. He rose from the lowest position to the loftiest place. He was the untried country lawyer raised by divine Providence to the highest place in the gift of the nation. In a storm such as never before smote a people, his strong and gentle hand was on the nation's helm. From the log cabin he was exalted to the White House. Responsibilities heavy enough to crush him came upon him almost in an hour; but he never lost his mastery over himself. The higher he climbed, the lowlier he became; the greater was his honor, the deeper was his humility. His tender heart could not rest by day nor by night when a soldier boy was condemned to die. Place and power made Napoleon drunken as with much wine; as a result he betrayed his people and finally destroyed himself. But place and power never made Lincoln dizzy nor vain. His life was parallel with or it overlapped the lives of Bismarck, Cavour, and Gladstone. His lot was cast in the time of great events and of men of heroic mold; but it will not be denied that Lincoln surpassed all of them in his superb achievements. Although not trained as a master of letters, he was more than a match for Chase, Seward, and Sumner. Like his divine Exemplar, he bore our griefs and carried our sorrows; often he was as a root out of a dry ground without form or comeliness. He was, indeed, despised and rejected of men, a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief. It is absolutely certain that he was wounded for our transgressions and bruised for our iniquities; and it is also true that by his stripes we have been healed. Next to our divine Lord his life was sacrificial and his death was vicarious. He trod the wine-press of a nation's sins and sorrows largely alone; and he stands alone today among the nation's heroes.

He won the mastery over all his critics North and South, national and international. At times he was criticised with a venom hadesian in origin and bitterness; but when he died, he began truly to live; his death was the beginning of his immortal life. Great Britain and the Continent of Europe joined with America in the chorus of elegiac praise; cabinets and courts vied with one another to do honor to his memory. The Emperor and Empress of the French sent to Mrs. Lincoln tender personal condolences. Queen Victoria, the Great and Good, sent a personal letter, written with her own hand, to Mrs. Lincoln, "as a widow to a widow." The spectacular Mr. Disraeli spoke words of warm appreciation. In the House of Lords, Lord Russell and Lord Derby uttered words of eulogy. Germany was not behind Britain in these respects. In all these countries Mr. Lincoln was the apotheosis of the people's hero. The French compared him

to Henry IV., and the Dutch to William of Orange, whose motto *Sacris tranquillus in undis*, was singularly appropriate to the life of Mr. Lincoln. Merle d'Aubigné says, "The name of Lincoln will remain one of the greatest that history has to inscribe on its annals." Emilio Castelar, in an oration against slavery in the Spanish Cortes, called him "humblest of the humble before his conscience, greatest of the great before history." The eulogies of Mr. Lincoln formed a special literature in America. Religionists, politicians, and statesmen, join in universal love and reverence. James Russell Lowell, in his great Commemorative Ode at Harvard, calls him, "New birth of our new soil, the first American." General Sherman says, "Of all the men I ever met, he seemed to possess more of the element of greatness combined with goodness than any other." General Grant speaks of him as the greatest intellectual force he had ever known. General Longstreet calls him the greatest man of Rebellion times, the one matchless among forty millions. Seward, who was his rival for the Presidency, tells us that he was the best man he ever knew. Mr. Lincoln had the rare honor of having won enduring fame as a great writer, a great statesman, a great leader, and a great emancipator. He never thought of himself as a man of letters, but our age has produced few greater writers on either side of the Atlantic. Although not trained as a military man, our most famous generals were glad to learn wisdom at his lips.

Shall we carry on the work which Lincoln began? Shall we love the Republic with undying devotion? Shall we rebuke sectionalism and glorify nationalism. Let it be ours to continue the emancipation of the negro by delivering him from ignorance, superstition, and all forms of evil. Let it be ours to unite North and South, East and West, in bonds of enduring patriotism toward the union now and forever, one and inseparable. Let it be ours to follow the great Lincoln as he followed the greatest Emancipator who delivers from slavery and sin, and gives men the freedom that comes from God and leads to God. Then we in our measure, possessing and manifesting righteousness, shall share in the sublime and divine experience suggested by the text of this morning, and so gloriously illustrated in the life of Abraham Lincoln, "The righteous shall be in everlasting remembrance."

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